
Editorial : Padre Pio

Dear Friends and Benefactors,

“All the torments of this earth, gathered in one bundle, I accept them, O my God!”

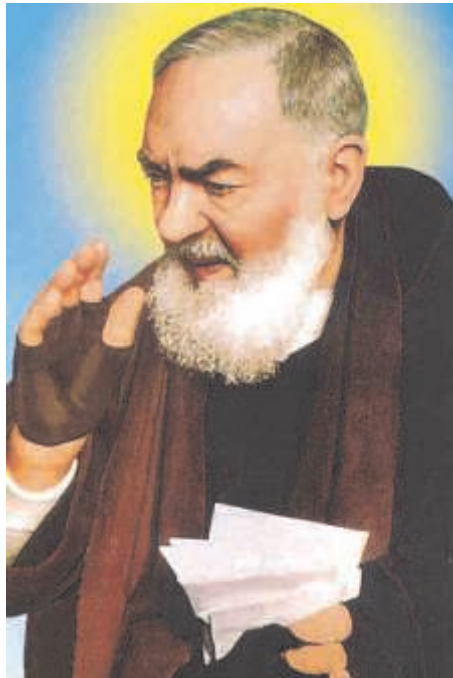
This coming 10th August 2010 will mark the 100th anniversary of the priestly ordination of Padre Pio, the only stigmatised priest in the history of the Church.

Antonio Socci, the Catholic journalist who wrote the controversial book, *The Fourth Secret of Fatima* (denouncing the Vatican for not revealing a part of the Third Secret) recently published another book entitled, *The Secret of Padre Pio* (BUR, 2008). Evident in this book is the grace that Mr. Socci received for defending the message of Our Lady of Fatima. As a reward for his bold argumentation (and the war that it unleashed) that something was still missing, still unpublished, of the Third Secret, Mr. Socci seems to have obtained a better grasp of the crisis of the Church, and particularly of the crisis of the Catholic priesthood and of the most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Secret of Padre Pio is the conclusion of his reflections on this crisis. In giving the inside story of this mystic priest, model of all priests, (not so much in his bearing the stigmata, but in his union with the Redeemer for the salvation of souls), Socci reminds his readers of the Catholic nature of the priesthood, of its purpose, of the secret of a successful ministry, and thus of the fundamental causes of the alarming crisis of the priesthood since Vatican II, a crisis which is no doubt the content of the missing part of the Third Secret.

The first part of his book deals with

the mystery of co-redemption, of vicarious satisfaction (i.e. that we all need someone to suffer in our place), and first of all, Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Assimilation to Christ for the salvation of souls is the mission of the priest, but unfortunately, many of them have forgotten this, and Padre Pio even speaks of the number of the clergy who have joined the freemasons. In recounting to his spiritual director (under obedience) a vision of 7th April 1913 (p.72), Padre Pio wrote how



he heard Our Lord crying out: “Macellai! – Butchers!” after turning His sacred eyes from ‘a great multitude of priests’ who were prolonging his agony. “(T)he ingratitude and the sleep of my ministers increase my agony. Oh how badly do they correspond to my love! What afflicts Me most”, continued Our Divine Saviour, “is that to their indifferentism, they add their contempt, their incredulity. How many times have I been on the edge of chastising them, had I not been retained by the angels and souls enamoured of Me...” Padre Pio offered his life for

priests.

In this first part, Socci highlights the relation between Padre Pio and St. Pius X, and this is more than just the devotion Padre Pio had for this pope. This pope was ‘a great pope’, he wrote after the death of Pius X, ‘a soul truly noble and holy, the equal of whom Rome has never had.’ Padre Pio was even seen bilocating, kneeling at the tomb of Pius X, in the early 1920s, just when the Roman persecution was starting (against himself). Socci shows how Padre Pio is the type of priest St. Pius X had in mind when he wrote his exhortation to the clergy. He also shows that as St. Pius X was the first real victim of the First World War, Padre Pio, by his prayers, obtained the end of the great war (p.89), and the price he paid was to bear the stigmata—received one month before the end of the war—for 50 full years.

The second part dwells upon the supernatural in the life of the great capuchin, a supernatural world which for him was so natural. According to Cardinal Siri, Padre Pio was perhaps the greatest mystic of the whole history of the Church, gathering all the miraculous powers—the gratiae gratis datae—which are found only partially in many other mystics. Thus, he could assume other people’s physical and moral pain, he was favoured with countless visions, performed hundreds of thousands of miracles, made his presence felt by the strange perfumes, knew the future, the hearts, and of course bilocated in the strangest circumstances. The most amazing of these that I found was his numerous bilocations, along with one of his spiritual daughter, Sr. Rita Montella, to the prison cell of Cardinal

Josef Mindszenty in the spring of 1949, bringing to the Cardinal a mass kit and serving his masses! (pp. 184 – 188) The sources of information for these multiple cases of bilocation in communist Hungary are: the secretary of Cardinal Mindszenty, Padre Pio himself, and the spiritual director of Sr. Rita who, having been told in advance of this mission of his dirigée with the stigmatised Padre, asked her to bring back an autograph note of the Cardinal for the Holy Father. Which she faithfully did a few days later!

The third and fourth part of the book explores the role and existence of victim souls in our modern times—sacrificing their life in silence, in secret, out of love for a Crucified Saviour and for our souls.

We pray that the book will be translated in English one day, as it will certainly touch many souls, and priestly ones for that!

Let us pray to Padre Pio particularly for the priests of today and particularly that the priests of the Society of St. Pius X may like him live the program set forth by the great St. Pius X.

With my blessing,

Rev. Fr. Daniel Couture

District Superior

VIET-MINH COMMUNIST RE-EDUCATION OF PRIESTS

One more reason why we ought to obtain the consecration of Russia.

An extract from Dr. Tom Dooley's *Deliver us from Evil*, 1956, pp.101,102

This was Communism to me. This was the ghoulish thing which had conquered most of the Orient and with it nearly half of all mankind. From December 1954 until the last day of May 1955, there were two or three atrocities a week that came within my orbit. My night calls took me to one horror after another.

Early in my Haiphong stay I was puzzled not only by the growing number but by the character of Communist atrocities. So many seemed to have religious significance. More and more, I was learning that these punishments were linked to man's belief in God.

Priests were by far the most common objects of Communist terror. It seemed that the priests never learned their "Hoc-Tap Dan-Chu," their "Democratic Studies and Exercises", as well as they were expected to. This meant that they had to be "re-educated" more severely than others. It is difficult to take men whose lives had been dedicated to belief in God and straighten them out so that they no longer believe in God. In fact, most of them proved unconquerable.

Catholics have many pious ejaculations which they utter frequently—"Jesus, Mary and Joseph", for example, and "Lord have mercy on us". The Communists ordered the priests to substitute new slogans for them, for example, "Tang gai san u xuat" (Increased Production), and "Chien tranh nhan" (The People's War). Perhaps the expression most often heard in the conquered north was "Corn Thu" (hatred).

The Communists have perfected the techniques of torture, inflicting in one moment pain on the body and in the next pain on the mind. When Tonkin spring came and the monsoon ended, I thought perhaps nature might bring a change in the tenor of things. I was wrong. On the first Sunday of March, I was asked by Father Lopez of the Philippine Catholic Mission to come visit a "sick man", a priest who had just escaped from the Viet Minh.

We walked across the huge sprawling courtyard to the living quarters. In a back room there was an old man lying on straw on the floor. His head was matted with pus and there were eight large pus-filled swellings around his temples and forehead.

Even before I asked what had happened, I knew the answer. This particular priest had also been punished for teaching "treason". His sentence was a Communist version of the Crown of Thorns, once forced on the Saviour of Whom he preached.

Eight nails had been driven into his head, three across the forehead, two in the back of the skull and three across the dome. The nails were large enough to embed themselves in the skull bone. When the unbelievable act was completed, the priest was left alone. He walked from his church to a neighbouring hut, where a family jerked the nails from his head. Then he was brought to Haiphong for medical help. By the time of his arrival, two days later, secondary infection had set in.

I washed the scalp, dislodged the clots, and opened the pockets to let the pus escape. I gave the priest massive doses of penicillin and tetanus oxide and went back to the mission every day. The old man pulled through. One day when I went to treat him, he had disappeared. Father Lopez told me that he had gone back to that world of silence behind the Bamboo Curtain. This meant that he had gone back to his torturers. I wonder what they have done to him by now.